

with a very cross letter, requesting that the cloak might be exchanged for something else, value one pound fifteen, should the deluding vender of such a vamped-up take-in refuse to refund the money; and the person thus commissioned is particularly enjoined to read the people at the shop a severe lecture for their shameful imposition.

Another friend, who has been in town herself, and has found out, by her own unassisted talents, a remarkably cheap shop in some exceedingly disreputable street, which she thinks does not signify in such a place as London, sends a long list of commissions to be purchased at this identical emporium, and no other. The matching of the exact shades of silk, ribbon and velvet, takes an hour at least; then it is found that the quality is not equal to the pattern; and this objection being got over, another fearful discovery is made—the goods have risen 2*d.* or 3*d.* in the yard, prices fluctuating exceedingly in this establishment, particularly when an additional quantity of any article purchased upon some former occasion is wanted. A certain sum, calculated to the uttermost farthing, has been remitted for the payment of the bill, and the difference of the sum total at the bottom of the account must be explained, and then, though no discretionary powers whatsoever were permitted, it is thought exceedingly odd that the friend would not take the trouble to go to some other shop. Occasionally a sort of roving commission is given to a party resident in London, to purchase anything remarkably cheap that may happen to fall in the way—gloves, ribbons, muslin dresses, &c.; the country family having been so astonished at the price paid for the tasteful articles worn by their town visitor. The dresses, ribbons, and gloves, are bought and forwarded—immense bargains—which are expected to give great satisfaction; but the ladies did not happen to want gloves at that particular time. They had just bought a large quantity of ribbons of the same colour, and a person has opened a shop in the neighbouring town, and sold dresses of exactly the same pattern, a little damaged perhaps here and there, at half the price. Worse still—Somebody has heard of a certain specific for the toothache, the tincture of Borneo, which used

to be sold at a shop in Holborn. All the patent medicine shops in Holborn are searched through. They have it not. One pert retailer takes upon himself to say that such a thing never existed, and recommends another infallible remedy instead. A second recollects to have heard something about the tincture of Borneo, and directs the inquirer to an obscure shop in Little Eastcheap, in which many obsolete articles are found. Lavender water, or something else, which is not wanted, and which proves to be execrable, is purchased out of gratitude for this man's civility. Little Eastcheap is found, but the shop has been pulled down, and a gin-palace erected in its stead.

Another letter states that Mrs. Brooke of Woodbine Cottage has just returned from London, and has appeared at Sir John Smithson's ball, in a most superb suite of ornaments, quite fit for court, and very superior in appearance to any worn by Lady Smithson. It has been discovered that they are not real diamonds, though they would always be taken for precious stones, but Karalatee diamonds, and that they are set in imitation gold, and only cost five pounds. What a sum!—five pounds for a tiara, necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and sevine of the most brilliant description! The correspondent is of course excessively desirous to possess herself of a set of Karalatee diamonds, and proceeds to say, that although Mrs. Brooke is exceedingly close upon the subject, a clue has been found to the place in which they are to be sold, uncle Oliver perfectly recollecting, when he was last in town, having seen Karalatee diamonds written up in a shop-window in a small street leading out of Snowhill—he forgets whether it was on the right or left hand side, but remembers that it was next door to a tobacconist's, and that there was a green-grocer at the corner. Many other interesting paragraphs follow, items of county news, and projected balls, at which it would be very desirable to sport the Karalatee diamonds. At length, after the letter has been signed and sealed, it has been re-opened, and a postscript added to this effect—"Uncle Oliver has just called, and he can't be quite certain whether it was the Minories or Snowhill in which he turned down the little street,